

That I haue done for you.

Pro. I know of none.

Nor know I you by voyce, or any feature:

I hate ingratitude more in a man,

Then lying, vaineſſe, babling drunkenneſſe,

Or any taint of vice, whoſe ſtrong corruption

Inhabites our fraile blood.

Ant. Oh heauen ſhew himſelfe.

2. Off. Come ſir, I pray you go.

Ant. Let me ſpeake a little. This youth that you ſee

I haue ſeene out of the iawes of death: (heere,

Releu'd him with ſuch ſanditie of loue;

And to his image, which me thought did promiſe

Moſt venerable worth, did I deuotion.

1. Off. What's that to vs, the time goes by: Away.

Ant. But oh, how wilde an idoll proues this God:

Thou haſt *Sebastian* done good feature, ſhame;

In Nature, there's no blemiſh but the minde:

None can be call'd deform'd, but the vnkinde.

Virtue is beauty, but the beauteous euill

Are empty trunckes, ore-flouriſh'd by the deuill.

1. Off. The man growes mad, away with him:

Come, come ſir.

Ant. Leade me on.

Pro. Me thinks his words do from ſuch paſſion flye

That he beleeueth himſelfe, ſo do not I:

Proue true imagination, oh proue true,

That I deere brother, be now, tane for you.

To. Come hither Knight, come hither *Fabian*: Weel

whiſper: ore a couplet or two of moſt ſage ſawes.

Pro. He haue'd *Sebastian*: My brother know

Yee liuing in my glaſſe: euen ſuch, and ſo

In fauour was my Brother, and he went

Still in this faſhion, colour, ornament,

For him I imitate: Oh if it proue,

Tempeſts are kinde, and ſalt waues freſh in loue,

To. A very diſhoneſt paltry boy, and more a coward

then a Hare, his diſhoneſty appeares, in leauing his friend

heere in neceſſity, and denying him: and for his coward-

ſhip aſke *Fabian*.

Fab. A Coward, a moſt deuout Coward, religious in

it.

And. Shid Ile after him againe, and beate him.

To. Do, cuffe him ſoundly, but neuer draw thy ſword

And. And I do not.

Fab. Come, let's ſee the euent.

To. I dare lay any money, twill be nothing yet. *Exit*

Actus Quartus. Scena prima.

Enter Sebastian and Clowne.

Cl. Will you make me beleue, that I am not ſent for

you?

Seb. Go too, go too, thou art a fooliſh fellow,

Let me be cleere of thee.

Cl. Well held out yſaith: No, I do not know you,

nor I am not ſent to you by my Lady, to bid you come

ſpeake with her: nor your name is not Maſter *Cefario*,

nor this is not my noſe neyther: Nothing that is ſo, is ſo.

Seb. I prethee vent thy folly ſome where elſe: thou

know'ſt me.

Cl. Vent my folly: He haſt heard that word of ſome

great man, and now applyeſt it to a foole. Vent my fol-

ly: I am affraid this great lubber the World will proue a

Cockney: I prethee now vngrid thy ſtrangenes, and tell

me what I ſhall vent to my Lady? Shall I vent to hir that

thou art comming?

Seb. I prethee fooliſh greeke depart from me, there's

money for thee, if you tarry longer, I ſhall giue worſe

payment.

Cl. By my troth thou haſt an open hand: theſe Wiſe-

men that giue fooles money, get themſelues a good re-

port, after foureteeen yeares purchaſe.

Enter Andrew, Toby, and Fabian.

And. Now ſir, haue I met you again: ther's for you.

Seb. Why ther's for thee, and there, and there,

Are all the people mad?

To. Hold ſir, or Ile throw your dagger ore the houſe.

Cl. This will I tell my Lady ſtraight, I would not be

in ſome of your coats for two pence.

To. Come on ſir, hold.

And. Nay let him alone, Ile go another way to worke

with him: Ile haue an action of Battery againſt him, if

there be any law in Illyria: though I ſtroke him firſt, yet

it's no matter for that.

Seb. Let go thy hand.

To. Come ſir, I will not let you go. Come my yong

fouldier put vp your yron: you are well fleſh'd: Come

on.

Seb. I will be free from thee. What wouldſt thou now?

If thou dar'ſt tempt me further, draw thy ſword.

To. What, what? Nay then I muſt haue an Ounce or

two of this malapert blood from you.

Enter Olivia.

Ol. Hold *Toby*, on thy life I charge thee hold.

To. Madam.

Ol. Will it be euer thus? Vngracious wretch,

Fit for the Mountaines, and the barbarous Caves,

Where manners nere were preach'd: out of my ſight,

Be not offend'd, deere *Cefario*:

Rudeſbey be gone. I prethee gentle friend,

Let thy ſayre wiſedome, not thy paſſion ſway

In this vacuill, and vniuſt extent

Againſt thy peace. Go with me to my houſe,

And heere thou ſhalt ſee how many fruitleſſe pranks

This Ruffian hath botch'd vp, that thou there by

Mayſt ſmile at this: Thou ſhalt not chooſe but goe:

Do not denie, beſtrew his ſoule for mee.

He ſtarted one poore heart of mine, in thee.

Seb. What reſliſh is in this? How runs the ſtreame?

Or I am mad, or elſe this is a dreame:

Let fancie ſtill my ſenſe in Leche ſleepe,

If it be thus to dreame, ſtill let me ſleepe.

Ol. Nay come I prethee, would thou'dſt be ſeruid by me

Seb. Madam, I will.

Ol. O ſay ſo, and ſobe. *Exit*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Adrian and Clowne.

Mar. Nay, I prethee put on this gowne, & this beard,

make him beleue thou art *ſir Topas* the Curate, doeſt

quickly. He ſhall ſee *Toby* the whiſt.

Cl. Well, Ile put it on, and I will diſſemble my ſelfe

in't, and I would I were the firſt that euer diſſembled in

ſuch

in ſuch a gowne, I am not tall enough to become the

function well, nor leane enough to bee thought a good

ſtudent: but to be ſaid an honeſt man and a good houſe-

keeper goes as fairely, as to ſay, a carefull man; & a great

ſcholler. The Competitors enter.

Enter Toby.

To. Ioue bleſſe thee *M. Parſon*.

Cl. *Bonus dies ſir Toby*: for as the old hermit of *Prage*

that neuer ſaw pen and inke, very wittily ſayd to a Neece

of King *Gorbodacke*, that that is, is: ſo I being *M. Parſon*,

am *M. Parſon*; for what is that, but that? and is, but is?

To. To him ſir *Topas*.

Cl. What ho, I ſay, Peace in this priſon.

To. The knaue counterfeits well: a good knaue.

Mal. *Maluolio* within.

Mal. Who calls there?

Cl. *Sir Topas* the Curate, who comes to viſit *Maluolio*.

Mal. *Sir Topas*, ſir *Topas*, good ſir *Topas* goe to my

Ladie.

Cl. One hyperbolicall ſpend, how vexed thou thiſt

man? Talk'ſt thou nothing but of Ladies?

To. Well ſaid *M. Parſon*.

Mal. *Sir Topas*, neuer was man thus wronged, good

ſir Topas do not thinke I am mad: they haue layde mee

heere in hideous darkneſſe.

Cl. Eye, thou diſhoneſt ſathan: I call thee by the

moſt modeſt termes, for I am one of thoſe gentle ones,

that will vie the duell himſelfe with curteſie: ſayſt thou

that houſe is darke?

Mal. As hell ſir *Topas*.

Cl. Why it hath bay Windows tranſparent as bari-

cadoes, and the cleere ſtores toward the South north, are

as luſtrous as Ebony: and yet complain'ſt thou of ob-

ſtruction?

Mal. I am not mad ſir *Topas*, I ſay to you this houſe is

darke.

Cl. Madman thou ſerreſt: I ſay there is no darkneſſe

but ignorance, in which thou art more puzz'd then the

Egyptians in their fogge.

Mal. I ſay this houſe is as darke as Ignorance, though

Ignorance were as darke as hell; and I ſay there was ne-

uer man thus abus'd, I am no more madde then you are,

make the triall of it in any conſtant queſtion.

Cl. What is the opinion of *Pythagoras* concerning

Wilde-fowle?

Mal. That the ſoule of our grandam, might happily

inhabite a bird.

Cl. What thinkeſt thou of his opinion?

Mal. I thinke nobly of the ſoule, and no way aproue

his opinion.

Cl. Fare thee well: remaine thou ſtill in darkneſſe,

thou ſhalt hold th opinion of *Pythagoras*, ere I will allow

of thy wits, and ſeaſe to kill a Woodcocke, left thou diſ-

poſſeſſe the ſoule of thy grandam. Fare thee well.

Mal. *Sir Topas*, ſir *Topas*.

Tob. My moſt exquisite ſir *Topas*.

Cl. Nay I am for all waters.

Mar. Thou might haue done this without thy beard

and gowne, hee ſees thee not.

To. To him in thine owne voyce, and bring me word

how thou findeſt him: I would we were well ridde of this

knauery. If he may bee conveniently deliuer'd, I would

he were, for I am now ſo farre in offence with my Niece,

that I cannot purſue with any ſafety this ſport the yppe-

shot. Come by and by to my Chamber. *Exit*

Cl. Hey Robin, iolly Ro-

does.

Mal. Foole.

Cl. My Lady is vnkind, p

Mal. Foole.

Cl. Alas why is ſhe ſo?

Mal. Foole, I ſay.

Cl. She ſhewes another. W

Mal. Good foole, as euer

my hand, helpe me to a Candle

as I am a Gentleman, I will liue

for't.

Cl. *M. Maluolio*?

Mal. I good Foole.

Cl. Alas ſir, how fell you

Mal. Foole, there was nei-

bus'd: I am as well in my wits

Cl. But as well: then you

no better in your wits then a fo

Mal. They haue heere pro-

darkeneſſe, ſend Miniſters to n

can to face me out of my wits.

Cl. Advuſe you what you

Maluolio, *Maluolio*, thy witt

deauour thy ſelfe to ſleepe, a

babble.

Mal. *Sir Topas*.

Cl. Maintaine no words w

Who I ſir, not I ſir, God buy

ry Amen. I will ſir, I will.

Mal. Foole, foole, foole!

Cl. Alas ſir be patient. V

for ſpeaking to you.

Mal. Good foole, helpe m

paper, I tell thee I am as well

Illyria.

Cl. Well-a-day, that you

Mal. By this hand I am:

per, and light: and conuey wh

Lady: it ſhall aduantage thee

ring of Letter did.

Cl. I will help you too't.

mad indeed, or do you but ce

Mal. Beleue me I am not

Cl. Nay, Ile here beleue a